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THE SOAP FAT MAN.

AN AFFECTING AND DOLEFUL LOVE DITTY.

"ADAPTED" FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

In Bowery street, not long ago,
An old maid lived a life of woe,
She was fifty-six with a face like tan,
And she fell in love with a soap fat man.
Much she loved this soap fat man,
He was such a good-looking soap fat man,
Her lilies and roses were turned to tan,
When she fell in love with the soap fat man.

Every day he did go by,
Whether the weather was wet or dry,
And hop-per-site her door he'd stand,
Crying "soap fat," did the soap fat man;
When out ran the cat to the soap fat man,
And rubb'd 'gainst the kettle of the soap fat man,
As hop-per-site her door he'd stand,
And cry "soap fat," did the soap fat man.

One day she kept him at the door,
A talking a matter o'er and o'er,
For you must know that 'twas her plan,
To have a chat with the soap fat man;
Times are hard, said the soap fat man,
Folks get in my debt, says the soap fat man,
Then he took up his kettle and off he ran,
And cried "soap fat," did this soap fat man.

He plainly seed how the cat did jump,
And his company he offered plump,
She could not blush cause her cheeks were tan,
So she sat and she grinn'd at the soap fat man;
If you'll have me, says the soap fat man,
Why I'll have you, says the soap fat man,
For a drop of "peppermint" then she ran,
And she drank good health to the soap fat man.

That very evening he was seen,
In a bran new suit of velveteen,
To a lager beer garden then, in a bran
New gown, she went with the soap fat man:
She'd beer and cheese with the soap fat man,
And waltzed arm in arm with the soap fat man,
And the people all said, that around did stand,
My eyes! what a dandy soap fat man!

He said his customers, oh, good l—d,
Owed him a matter of two dollars and,
When she said, that, it was a wicked plan
To cheat such a good looking soap fat man;
If I had but the money, says the soap fat man,
I'd sell lager beer, says the soap fat man,
And marry you to-morrow, she admired his plan,
So a ten dollar bill she lent the soap fat man.

He pocketed the money, and then went away,
She waited for him all the next day,
But he never comed, and she then began
To think her eye was shut by the soap fat man.
So she went to seek the soap fat man,
But she could not find the soap fat man,
And somebody gave her to understand,
He'd a wife and seven children had the soap fat man.

So home she went with sighs and tears,
As her hopes were now all turned to fears,
And her hungry cat to mew began,
As much as to say, where's the soap fat man?
She could not forget the soap fat man,
The handsome, swindling soap fat man,
So you see that in one day's short span,
She lost ten dollars and the soap fat man.

KING DICK.

A TALE OF ST. LOUIS AND NEW ORLEANS.

By C. L. BRIARMEAD.

CHAPTER I.

Johnny Mackles' Saloon—Chaff, Public and Private—King Dick on his Muscle—Mart Springer takes a hand—The Police desire to be counted in and Clubs are Trumps—A frightened Nigger and a hurried Council—Up with the Windows and open the Shutters.

"Oh, yes! keep on, stranger. Perhaps you'll make something—perhaps you won't; but I'll tell you this much; if you don't put down that bunch of fives quicker than an Irishman can say Jack Robison, you'll get one of the all-tiredest lammings you ever hear tell of; yes, and I'm the one that will do it."

"You will? Now just listen to the boy. Maybe yer mother knows yer out—perhaps she doesn't; but I'll give you a little piece of private advice, young five foot five, and that is to dry up. There's a pretty rough crowd of boys around this establishment, and if you aint mighty careful you'll get pretty considerably well shaken down. You and yer friend had better tortle, immediately, if not sooner."

The "friend" spoken of by the person giving this salutary advice, was standing with his hands in his pockets—his back against a bar—a lighted cigar in his mouth, and a ghastly look of horror on his face.

Perhaps a stranger-looking customer never found his way into Johnny Mackles' crib; and yet there was nothing about him, aside from his countenance, which was anything out of the ordinary look of a sporting man. But that face was some, and no mistake. Imagine a young man about six feet in height, broad chested, long-armed, with a very slight hitch in his gait—the result of awkwardness, for there was nothing of deformity about Bob Sterner—well dressed, with a broad, florid countenance, into the expanse of which was concentrated all of deep horror and extreme fright that could be well crammed into a single phiz; imagine this, and you have in your mind's eye a complete picture of Bob Sterner, otherwise and generally known in his native town, the small village of New York, as Frightened Bob. The entree of this gentleman with his friend, "young five foot five," into the saloon of Johnny Mackles, had apparently created a profound sensation.

About a dozen men were lounging about the place, laughing, talking, drinking, and enjoying themselves generally. As it was early in the evening, the regular crowd had not yet made their appearance, and the men were rather put to their stumps for that wherewith to raise a laugh; but, fortunately, as the last jest of Bill Stokes had scarcely raised a snigger, the door was thrown open and two men entered.

The first was a short, rather boyish-looking individual, with thin, light side whiskers, short, light hair, blue eyes, but broad-shouldered, and of heavy build. A wide-awake tile surmounted his nob, and, in conjunction with a cut-away coat, flashy vest, and wide pantaloons, gave him by no means a green look. Following him came the person already described as Frightened Bob.

Without taking any notice of the inmates of the room, the two made a push for the bar, and called for a brace of whisky skins; which having been put away in a scientific and workmanlike manner, cigars were next introduced to their dental cavities, through the smoke of which the two at last took a cursory view of the place and its denizens.

"Rather a running go, that," remarked Bob. "Two hours in St. Louis, and a row with the peelers already. I wonder whether the blasted coppers really thought as how you was Jack Weston, or whether they looked through gold spectacles to make up their manners. It's a question for discussion."

"Rather excited, arn't you, Bob? A close nip, and the man that twigged that right of yours could have swore to it. But there's one thing sure as gospel; you've got the almightiest scare on that I ever saw—and that's saying a good deal. If you don't quit screwing your mug up that way you'll have the whole cussed crowd here chaffing us in less than ten minutes."

"Oh, well, let 'em chaff. Curse their pictures, it's too much to ask a fellow to accommodate his mug to their feelings; and if they don't like it, just let 'em grin and bear it. That peculiarity of mine, as Bill Ward calls it, just come for getting me into scrapes, and as I can't help it, why, let 'em come. There's no use cuttin' agin luck, for it's like Tom Watson's deal—when you hold four kings he always rakes the money down with aces; and there's no use a talking, for it's bound to be so."

"As you can't make a whistle out of a sow's ear, I'll just cave in; but if all the licks I've made getting you out of scrapes had been done for old Tommy, why I'd have been common councilman any way, with a good look towards the mayorship."

"What the —— do you shove your fist in for then? I know I'm a poor, innocent sort of a greenhorn; can't fight, and all that, but having a pretty good pair o' legs, I might manage to cut my lucky, instead of which I have to see you out of the rows you're eternally getting into on my account."

This private bit of chaffing between the two friends was carried on in rather a low tone, so low, in fact, that the men around could not catch their meaning. But from the looks of Bob, the idea flashed into their minds that perhaps something might be made off the two, and accordingly Bill Stokes swaggered across the floor, and leaning against the bar, immediately facing Bob, opened the bag with "Well, my cove, what do you think of it?"

"It's first rate, and if you count my friend in, we'll take another whiskey skin."

"The —— you will!" responded Stokes; rather taken aback by such a cool answer from a greenhorn. "Blow my picture if you ain't an original. Yer great-grandfather must have sent you to town on a handsaw to buy razors to clip his aunt's whiskers with."

"Not if I know it, he didn't; he sent me after our stray jackass, and if you ain't him, I'll be blowed if you ain't his twin brother—out of Kickup by Kentucky Jack—imported right from the Maltese coast."

"Look here, —— your —— eyes, if I don't eat you alive, then my name isn't Bill Stokes."

"*Well* you won't," at this moment interposed the little man, quietly stepping in front of Stokes, who, by this time, had divested himself of his coat. "Well you won't, not this day, at any rate. You won't think you're the cock of all St. Louis, the boss of New-York, the lion of Chicago, and the wild, screeching alligator of New Orleans. My friend here is a little green, but when you commence running into him, you must take what you get; swallow it down, grease or no grease, or else get what you take."

"I'll be hanged if you ain't cool. What the —— have you to say in the matter? Just stand out of the road, or I'll squash you."

"Not bad, I hope," put in the young man, who seemed determined that Bob should be totally ignored, and that he should be the fighting man. "You're a purty looking object to talk about squashing anybody. Why, I'll be cursed if you ain't the identical thing-o-bob the Dutch cooper in Pine street uses to stretch his sugar hogsheads over."

Among the crowd of interested lookers on, there was one who seemed to be peculiarly delighted with the way in which matters were proceeding. He imagined that he had heard of the strangers before, and at the same time, had a deep rooted hatred for Bill Stokes; this hatred being engendered from the fact that Bill had, upon one occasion, given him a bad beating. Upon hearing the very eccentric comparison instituted by the little man, he gave vent to a loud laugh, at the same time remarking, in an encouraging tone:

"Go in, stranger, for you're sure to win!"

To Stokes it did not seem to be such a pleasant business, for the strangers appeared to be able to talk as fast as he could, and when he came to hard fighting, he might find them *there*, too.

Johnny Mackles, a stout, sturdy, middle weight prize-fighter, thought it high time to interfere, for the prospect of a man being killed in his house was by no means pleasant. Such a casualty had all but happened once or twice before; and so, coming from behind the counter, he addressed Bill in words of a pacificatory intent, and to which that worthy seemed inclined to give ear. Accordingly, assuming a lower tone, Stokes responded: "There's no use a chaffing that way, and you'd better dry up. But if you want to make a disturbance just say so, and I, Bill Stokes, am your man, right away."

So saying, Bill threw himself into a scientific posture, and awaited the response. It came in the shape given at the opening of this chapter.

"Tortle be hanged," retorted Dick, with a comical grimace. "We came in here to get a drink; we got a drink, and unless the proprietor says so, we'll stay till we get ready to leave, and if you think yourself man enough to start us, why, just throw your hands up, for I'm going to hit you."

Johnny Mackles looked thoroughly disgusted, for if it came to fighting, it was a horse to a hen affair. There was no mistake but what Bill was a tough customer; big enough to eat two of Dick; a thorough-bred, rough and ready, bull-dog fighter. More than that, when he got excited, no two men in the city could hold him, for he got raving—bound to go in and kill—and Mackles had seen him fight. When he heard the stranger announce that he was going in, visions of corpses, police courts, coroner's inquests, post-mortem examinations, and troublesome investigations danced before his eyes, till thinking of what was to come, he began to make a mental inquiry as to whether it would not be possible to hide the corpse in the cellar, and swear all the boys to secresy.

The crowd, ripe for a row, and regardless of Mackles' feelings, pushed up around the strangers, and one of them sung out: "Wade in, Bill, and we'll put the greenies through."

In the midst of all the excitement,, it was comical to watch the countenances and actions of the two nearest and most closely concerned. Bob Sterner's peculiarity never shone out stronger than it did at this instant. With eyes wide open, the corners of his mouth drawn down, his hands anxiously exploring the interior of his pockets, he drew short whiffs of smoke from his cigar, expelling them from between his lips in short, vigorous puffs. His friend, on the contrary, maintained the same easy, careless position which he had assumed when first he insinuated himself between Bob and Bill Stokes. Half leaning against the bar, a smile playing over his countenance, the smoke lazily curling out of his mouth, he did not certainly look like the desperate fighter one would suppose him to be from the fact of his voluntarily picking a quarrel with Stokes. There was a strange incongruity between his words and manners which struck every one in the room as being ludicrous.

After the last declaration of Dick, Stokes stood for a moment without saying a word, but looking steadily in the face of his would-be antagonist. Whatever he saw in the deep blue eye which so firmly met his gaze, there was nothing of fear—only fixed determination. "So yer armed," he suddenly shouted. "Well then, take that, and see if you can use 'em!"

With tremendous power, Stokes slung out his right arm, his body falling forward to add to the impetus of the blow.

A crack, something less than the report of a pistol, was heard, Bill Stokes was seen to stagger back, while Dick retained his old position in front of the bar, with the cigar still in his mouth, the same good-humored smile on his mug. A murmur went round the room. "Well, I *will* be hanged! What the d—l's the matter with Bill?"

When that individual shot out his right, "five foot five" had quietly bent forward, and quick as lightning put in a left-hander on the nob of Stokes, that worthy's blow expending itself on the empty air. So neatly and expeditiously was the thing done, that the spectators were actually not aware that the heavy-weight had been struck, and accordingly expressed their unbounded surprise to see him almost lifted from his feet, and go reeling away. Shaking his head like a baffled bull, gazing with amazement at his antagonist, Bill gathered himself together, and screaming "Make yer will, for I'm goin' to let into yer," he rushed in. At this onslaught, the looks of Dick totally changed. Hastily pushing up his sleeves, he threw himself into a position, fixing his eyes steadily on those of his man, and with a spring backward, and then to the side, he avoided the blows, right and left, which were aimed at his head.

"You've got hold of the wrong chap this time, Sweet-William," remarked Johnny Mackles, as with breathless eagerness he watched the progress of the fray; and Mackles was right. It was dodge and jump for a minute; then stepping in quickly and firmly, the light weight let go his left and right. The left landed fair on the short ribs of Stokes, and actually staggered the ponderous frame of the fighter, immediately bringing down his arms to his sides, as a sharp pain shot through his kidneys. The right, aimed fair and full at the unprotected face, landed on the bridge of the nose, and floored the recipient instanter.

A general "Hi!" went up, and Mackles observed, "Blest if I could have done it as well myself," which remark was very true, for the only time he had a quarrel with Stokes that individual had picked him up and slung him through a window, greatly to the detriment of his face, and to the panes which were in the sash.

"That's the time you did it, stranger," sung out Bob. "The next time yer wants to slay an innocent, just don't try it on with a man that hits as straight from the shoulder as King Dick!"

"Fire and brimstone, cullies, if I didn't think it was him all the time!" said a hard-featured, red-faced man, with a rather hard-looking countenance, seamed over with a broad white scar. "You'd better stow yer whiddy, Bill, fur he's a leetle above your pile, and blow as much as you may, you can't get a sight fur yer money."

Whatever was Mart Springer's opinion, it did not coincide with that of the floored pugilist; and after a few seconds of *floor life*, Bill arose to his feet, and rushed forwards.

The door sprang open, and half a dozen men rolled into the room.

"On a loose, boys," shouted the foremost. "Who cares for expenses? We're bound to blaze. Hullo, a row by all that's holy—count me in it, if you please; and if you don't, why, I'm in anyhow. Off with your coats, boys, and wade in." Suiting the action to the word, the leading man of the newcomers drew his upper garment, flung it to one side, and sprang ahead just in time to come plump up against Stokes, as he reeled back from one of King Dick's lightning blows.

"What the —'s the matter with you, Bill?" inquired he, as he pushed Bill up into a standing position. "Why don't you floor him!" For the crowd were all of Stokes' friends and consequently were opposed to the two strangers. "There must be —— to pay when a man of your standing can't flax out a kid like yonder without tumbling about in such a cursedly irregular manner."

"Oh, come on, gents! Get right straight in, for I'll take the whole crowd, and put Bob here, up to fight any three of you, I will!"

"That's so," interpolated Bob. "We're on our muscle now, and if you're goin' to shake us down, you'd better be in a hurry about it, for it's getting late, and we'v got an engagement at eleven, we have."

Up to this time the men about the room had seemed disposed to let it be a fair fight, not offering in any way to interfere; but when Bob made his last remarks, the feelings of his auditors appeared to take a sudden change, and the men who had just arrived being a little better than one third shot, didn't wait for a more pressing invitation, but simultaneously made a rush for the two friends. "By heavens, they're coming!" was the cry of Bob, and jumping from behind Dick he fired away left and right at the nearest. Two men disappeared as suddenly as if they had been shot, whilst Dick struck Bill Stokes for the fifth and last time. It was a crushing hit, fair and square on the corner of the jaw, and laid out that individual, to use a common expression, "as stiff as a door nail."

Mackles had before now seen a pretty confused time, but that which ensued went a short bit ahead of anything in his recollection. What worried him the most, though, was, that the two were not having a "fair shake." He was an old pugilist himself, and it didn't seem exactly the square thing for a dozen men to pile onto two, so he just yelled out, "Work away, strangers! I'm with you, and we'll clear the room. You shan't be imposed on in my house," and Johnny made a move to come from behind the bar.

"Never you mind, we'll attend to this business ourselves, and the less you say the better. *We* hit from the shoulder, we do, and'll take the whole of 'em." So said Dick to the worthy proprietor, and as he spoke plied away a man at every clip.

"H—l! but *ain't* he a rum 'un?" thought Mart Springer, who, far from taking any interest in the fray, was standing erect on a chair in the opposite corner of the room. "Don't he pile 'em away nice and carefully though; eases 'em down sort o' like, and puts 'em to sleep on the floor. I've heard tell of him before, and they said he could fight, but blow my windpipe if I thought he could go it at that rate. Why, he's a regular salamander. It's rather stiff work that, two agin twelve or fourteen, but keep on at it, and you'll make it yet. There goes Charley Roper now; popped off as nicely as any Christian could wish for; a pretty lick that, and the cove that struck it ain't going to suffer if he *is* travelling alongside of King Dick. Cussed if I know which I'd sooner be hit by. The big cove strikes like a mule kick, but the little 'un's are heavier than a tilt-hammer. Blaze away, my hearties—Mart Springer's counted out of that row, and it's the first one for some time I hain't had a hand in. It won't do to hit Bill's pals, and I'll be darned if I believe I could hit the others."

Once more the street door opened, and a man's head was cautiously thrust into the room. It did not take him long to perceive that there was a pretty considerable of a mass going on inside of the room; and it didn't take him long to take his head out; for Mart Springer let drive a tumbler at him, which splintered on the door jam, not six inches from his face. "Time to clear now," thought Mart, and as though in answer to this mental determination, the sharp whirr of a watchman's rattle sounded loud above the din inside. It sort of calmed down the combatants for the minute; so much so, that some half dozen men crawled up from the floor where they had been taking their ease, and Bob Sterner had time to look about him for means of escape. There was a large arch at the back part of the drum, across which curtains were drawn, to conceal the eating room which lay beyond. Any other means of egress, at that time, were not apparent, for the shutters of the back window, just at the end of the bar, were closed and stoutly barred, whilst no doubt there would in the course of a few minutes be a large police force at the front part of the house. The way the policeman was springing his rattle now was a caution to the unrighteous, and a warning to all evil doers. Whether to give Dick the wink, and mizzle, or stay and fight it out with the coppers, was now the question for determination in the mind of frightened Bob.

Again came a rush caused by the renewal of hostilities on the part of Bill Stokes' friends, and the cogitations of Bob were suddenly ended. "Let 'em blaze away! we'll lick 'em if all the officers in St. Louis drop in! Give it to 'em!"

Such cries as this came freely from the crowd; but still standing erect, with their backs against the wall, immovable, invulnerable, as it appeared, the two waged war with a fierce determination. Without much attention to guard, it was all hit, hit, hit. A man couldn't get within striking distance before he'd go down, and that is the reason the two were not hurt.

"Curse it, boys, if we can't lick 'em, we can fetch 'em, anyhow," said one, as he stumbled away from a stinging left-hander of Bob's. "Stand back, boys, for I'm going to shoot." Suiting the action to the word, the fellow, a stout, athletic looking young man of about two and twenty, drew a revolver and presented it pointing towards Bob.

"Hold up, sonny, that wont do; Mart Springer is down on such little inventions!" and the holder of the pistol was floored instantly by the hand of Springer. The pistol went off, however, but fortunately was pointed straight upward, and consequently the ball lodged harmlessly in the ceiling.

"Here's the cops, though! avast, Dick; it's a close nick, now, but drop yer mawleys and foller me."

Sure enough, a dozen men belonging to the police force came rushing into the room, instantaneously producing a diversion in favor of the two. Nearly every eye being turned towards the door, and the room being rather obscured by the smoke of the lately discharged pistol, they could catch but a faint view of the scene. Leaning over the bar, Dick suddenly turned off the gas, leaving the back part of the room in almost total darkness, and then turning to Bob, he cried, "lead ahead!"

To dash through the arch, tearing down one of the curtains as they went, was but the work of a moment; and then they found themselves in a room, long and but dimly lighted. A row of stalls along the side, with curtains in front, and illuminated by just the faintest glimmer of gas-light, proved to Bob that his conjecture was right, and that this was the eating saloon of Johnny Mackles' house. Now the probabilities were that there was no other entrance than the one by which they had come in, and it was through this other entrance they intended to make their escape. A door could be seen at the other end of the room.

"Just listen to that, will you?" whispered Dick to his friend. "That's something like a row, ain't it, now? D——d glad I ain't there, for there'll be more glory than profit in it. Mawleys against locusts won't go well."

A very true remark that was; but nevertheless, there was a noise that, to half coin a word, sounded very Pandemoniacal. A stern resistance was being made, and a row commenced, the like of which had not been seen for many years in the good old city of St. Louis. A very sweet thing it may have been to the morning newspapers, but to those engaged it was not so nice. Bob Sterner and his friend, King Dick, were, however, making their way out of the building as fast as was convenient, for they were rather nice in their tastes, and were not particularly anxious to come in close contact with the police. As was before intimated, they had already had one tussel with them that evening, for what reason they could hardly tell, except that an attempt was made to arrest Dick as being Jack Weston—whether he had any resemblance to that person he was not able to say.

With a hand on the knob of the back door, Bob was about to step out into the kitchen—or wherever the passage might lead to—when he thought he heard a slight noise on the other side. The roaring of the crowd in the front room rose loud and strong, but listening attentively he could hear a door being tried—at first gently, then a rush against it, as though the person or persons were

determined not to stand upon ceremony. The voice of a negro, evidently much scared, called out:—"Who dar?"

The answer came in a gruff tone:—"Open this door to the officers of the law."

"We'll have to try it another way, Dick, for the cops are here too."

"The d——l they are! Then back again, for there's more chance in the bar-room among the crowd, than if we're caught alone."

Another crash on the outside door, a yell from the negro, a curse from the officers, and now there was no time to lose. "Follow me!" and Bob sprang into one of the stalls.

Some men are born to good luck, and of that number seemed to be Bob Sterner. From the stall a window opened out—somewhere. To throw up the sash and, standing on the table to give a vigorous shove to the bolt was his first move, and the shutters not seeming to be inclined to open, he applied his heel to the centre, and away they flew. "Here goes for a drop; come along and take it!" and Bob swung himself through the aperture, his friend following with greater haste than ease, for he heard a crash in the next room as the policeman broke through the door. Indeed, just as he went out, the whole force came in, and the combatants of the bar-room, in their fury making a charge, were overpowered, driven back, and pushed into the eating saloon. Thus it happened that, taken between two fires, the valiant roughs were speedily overpowered; and Johnny Mackles, who had not said a word except to pacify the combatants, had not offered to raise his hand, having been knocked down by the blow from the club of an ambitious special, the whole party were marched out.

Before this consummation had taken place, King Dick, Bob, and Mart Springer were out of the house, though in a rather strange and unpleasant situation. Perhaps it may be of interest to him who chances to read this history to know how it occurred that the stranger happened to be with our two heroes; for that reason we will explain.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEW BEDFORD.—A, having measured the distance, and attempted to perform the feat, made it evident that he intended that for a trial. Had he succeeded in clearing the distance upon which the wager was founded, there is no doubt but that he would have claimed the money down. Under the circumstances, our opinion is, that B is entitled to the stakes.

INQUIRER.—1. We have heard it said that Deerfoot is the party alluded to, but we cannot so state, positively, from our own knowledge. 2. We are not aware that he is lame. 3. There are so many "champion jig and clog dancers" that we cannot undertake to discriminate between them.

SHARON, Philadelphia.—Your communication having arrived rather late in the day, and having already received a short summary of theatrical doings in your town, in addition to having a superabundance of matter, we were unable to give it place. Please pardon the omission.

J. D. T., 2d New York Fire Zouaves.—*All Fours.*—"A and B are playing seven up; A has but two points to go, B one; A holds high and low, B the Jack, which he makes in the second lead, and claims out. A refuses him the count. Which is right?".....A; high and low scoring before Jack.

W. H. G., Chicago.—The *Billiard Cue*, is a small sheet published by Messrs Phelan & Collender, semi-occasionally, for the purpose of having on record and giving circulation to all billiard news of interest; also, to advertise their business. They would send you a copy gratis if requested, we presume.

N. P. L., Frelighsburg, C. E.—1. A book containing the various rules can be had for $1 00. 2. The judges decided right in giving the heat to the sorrel. 3. There is no rule against it. 4. The races you send us are somewhat out of date.

A. B., New York.—1. A "general utility man" does not have to provide the articles enumerated. 2. The same rules govern such matters in both countries.

P. T., San Francisco, Cal.—Young Booth is now in England. See remarks on his first appearance there, in our general theatrical summary.

WHITEHALL, N. Y.—Not having been under the necessity of making a trial of the article, we are unable to state, from experience, what its merits are.

J. M., Seneca, N. Y.—He is a native of Philadelphia, and about 25 years of age. A sketch of Josh Ward was recently given in the CLIPPER. The others we have no authentic record of.

J. M. B., Cleveland.—A "full" is not the highest hand—four of equal value will beat a "full." The only two certain winning hands are four aces, or four kings and an ace.

JAS. BEDFORD, Pittsfield.—1. Dan Donnelly was not the best fighting man of his day. 2. Tom Sayers and his father were born in England.

R. E. B., New Philad'a, O.—1. Money received and credited. 2. Procure either Geo Sanders' American, or Spohr's German instructor, through any bookseller.

G. F. B., Albany.—There is no rule prohibiting three persons from playing, but if the parties be dishonest, it affords an excellent opportunity for "two to pluck one."

F. T. R.—We are not posted as to their actual numbers, but we are of the opinion that the one, is not equal to the three.

A. B. and C., Bridgeport.—1. A and C make two points each, for the euchre. 2. Only counts two, as stated in the previous answer.

Y. S., Fall River.—Morrissey was awarded the stakes in his fight with Yankee Sullivan.

RUDOLPH.—1. It is a matter of opinion. 2. Heenan favored Sayers with twenty knock down blows in their fight at Farnborough.

C. L., Boston.—Drop a line to J. F. Poole, No 482 Broadway, (Room 7) New York.

F. M. H., Phila'a.—Under the circumstances, it would be better, we think, not to make known the real name of the lady.

NEWS AGENT, New Haven.—Our impression is, that he is a Welshman.

BULL RUN, Taunton.—Neither player wins—there must be a new deal.

W. AND P., St. John, N. B.—Heenan and Morrissey fought but once as antagonists.

THURLOW, Wilmington, Del.—Matt Peel died a year or two ago.

JACK, Pittsburgh.—Joshua Ward is six feet one inch in height.

FEDERAL HILL, Baltimore.—Jack Randall was never defeated.

LONG LANE.—Donnelly beat Hall, Cooper, and Oliver.

CHEMANGO.—The Persia has made the quickest time.

J. S.—You had a right to look at the cards.

JOHN C. HEENAN.—We have a letter for you.

SQUASHED.—The proposed match between John C. Heenan and Jem Mace seems to have been effectually "squashed," and the Boy's friends are not sorry therefor, presuming that it was originally intended to have the Boy fight in England.

But what have our transatlantic friends to say to Heenan's very fair offer to meet the best man in England in a fair contest on Canadian soil? After the incessant boasting of British superiority in a physical point of view, it seems somewhat strange to find them bantered by an American, without a champion stepping forward to contest the question. We are surprised that the pugilists of London are without a champion to espouse their cause. Shade of Tom Cribb, how have the mighty fallen! The lion bearded in his den, and not a pug courageous enough to accept the *defi* thrown down by the American.

TOM SAYERS IN THE RING AGAIN.—Don't start, reader, we don't mean that the ex-champion has entered the prize ring again, but what we "meantersay," as Joe Gargery has it, is, that Sayers, has entered into partnership with Jem Meyers, and has entered the circus ring as co-manager with that gentleman. At the recent sale of Howes & Cushing's stud of circus and other horses, Tom Sayers was one of the principle purchasers. In the ring or out of it, Tom Sayers seems to be attended by good fortune.

INDIAN'S ABILITY.—Deerfoot, the Indian pedestrian, is carrying all before him in England. He has thus far beaten some of their best runners, and is making a nice little pile for himself and those interested with him in the speculation. The bubble will soon burst, however, if we do not mistake the signs, and when that happens, the Indian will have a fine opportunity to put his pedestrian powers to the test.

A MATCH OF HAYS RAIL will be played at the the Ball alley of Thomas Cook, 178 York street, Brooklyn, between Hays and McGarry, for the sum of $50 a side, on Wednesday the 3rd of October, at the hour of 1 P. M.

THE GRAND BASE BALL MATCH,

FOR THE SILVER BALL.

SOME few weeks since, having been informed that a match was to take place at Hoboken between two selected nines from the four principal clubs of Hoboken, which occupied the North and South ball grounds at the Elysian Fields, it occurred to us that a very interesting game might be arranged between a nine selected from the contestants in the above match, and a nine from the three principal clubs of Brooklyn. We at once set about canvassing the matter among the ball players, and discovering that it met with favor, proceeded to arrange the preliminaries. Being of the opinion, also, that a handsome trophy would add to the interest and *eclat* of the occasion, we at once ordered a silver ball to be manufactured, to be a *fac simile* of a base ball in every respect, and offered it as the prize for the match in question.

This done, we consulted the prominent players of the Hoboken clubs in the matter, of whom Messrs. A. B. Taylor and McMahon were the first spoken to. After suggesting the nine, and ascertaining what would be considered the strongest team, we gave a list of the players, and suggested a day for the match. It was not until after the Atlantic and Mutual match had been played that a nine for New-York was agreed upon, and the day following that contest, Mr. A. B. Taylor handed us the names of the nine they had selected, and Mr. McKeever called at the office the same day and fixed upon the day of the match, also naming the nine players chosen.

The Brooklyn nine were in due time selected. Thus matters progressed swimmingly, and in our last issue, Monday, Oct 21st was announced as the date for its taking place, both the nines having stated that that date would be everyway convenient to them. It appears, however, that the favor with which the event was looked upon by the base ball playing fraternity, and the warm approbation our efforts had met with, gave rise, as might naturally be expected, to jealousy in certain directions, a Sunday contemporary taking it most to heart because it had failed to arrange a match of the same kind, and announced in its last Sunday's issue that the match would not take place, without having any authority for making such an assertion. This statement was re-echoed in the morning papers of Monday, the 21st, the day on which the match was to be played, the *Tribune* being the only one that corrected the rumor. These notices in the daily papers, we have no doubt, were voluntarily carried to them by a certain malicious "jayhawker," who attends ball matches for the sake of getting his refreshments gratis. As a matter of course, the lovers of the American sport of base ball, were sadly disappointed to hear of a postponement, and believing that such a proceeding was out of order, applied to us to inquire as to the truth or falsity of the rumor, by hundreds, and were not a little surprised when they were informed that the match would be played without fail, a statement we were enabled to make positively, because our reporter, with a view of correcting the rumor, waited upon most of the players on Sunday evening, and these all said they were ready. The following, from Mr. R. Pearce, Captain of the Brookyn Nine, we were also authorised to have published:—

BROOKLYN, Oct. 21, 1861.

The Brooklyn nine will be ready at the time and place appointed to day to play in the Silver Ball Match. No notice of the postponement has been given by the Brooklyn players.

R. PEARCE, of the Atlantic Club.
Captain of the Brooklyn Nine.

The above notice we at once forwarded to the evening *Express* and *Post*, and we also had notices printed and distributed so as to correct the wilful mis-statements that had been made to deceive the public—more than this we could not do, because of the limited time intervening before the commencement of the match, therefore, those who were disappointed in not witnessing the contest, will not charge it upon the CLIPPER, which, as is well known, at all times endeavors to give its readers the truth. The fact also that not one of the players named in the list published, have ever intimated to us a word against the match, or that they would not play in it, we think is proof positive that the arrangements made as regards the time and the players were deemed satisfactory. With this explanation we refer to the report of the contest which was played at the time and place appointed.

THE GREAT CHESS MATCH.

PAULSEN LEADING!

OUR European exchanges justly remark that, since the career of Paul Morphy no match at this princely game has excited such universal attention as the present one between Mr. Paulsen, the present representative of American Chess, the greatest "blindfold" performer the world ever saw, and the renowned Hungarian, Herr Kolisch. Their three days struggle at Bristol will ever be famed in Calissan story as a parallel to the battle of the same length in presence of the Royal Spaniard, himself a capable judge and no mean proficient, between the knights of the olden time. Ruy Lopez, the proud prelate, and Il Puttino, contesting the world's chess throne. Kolisch falls, but neither dishonored nor disheartened he renews the fight with his mighty antagonist; and that, too, on a field of sufficient amplitude to afford scope for all the powers and resources of both, and on which, with the entire chess world as intent spectators, victory will be a final arbiter of their relative prowess. Since making up our regular chess column, we have received two of the games, and heard from four, viz:—Drawn 1; Herr K 1; Mr. Paulsen 2. The first was a Sicilian Defence (Kolisch) resulting in a draw, after a tremendous battle of 82 moves. Up to the 51st move Paulsen had "all the honors" and a won game; but here made a slip, after which Kolisch should have won, but let it draw. The second, a brief skirmish, we here lay before our readers. What the 3d and 4th, Paulsen's victories, were we do not know.

KOLISCH-PAULSEN.

GAME SECOND.

GIUOCO PIANO, EVANSISED.

Attack, Herr Kolisch.	Defence, Mr. Paulsen.	Attack, Herr Kolisch.	Defence, Mr. Paulsen.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..P to Q 6	BP×P(*b*)
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	14..Q Kt-B 3	P-Q Kt 3
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	15..Kt-Q 4 (*c*)	Kt-Q Kt 2
4..Castles	K Kt-B 3(*a*)	16..B-Q Kt 2	Kt-Q B 4
5..P-Q Kt 4	B×Kt P	17..Q-K 3	Q Kt-K 3
6..P-Q B 3	K B-K 2	18..Kt-Q 4(*d*)	K B-his 3(*e*)
7..P-Q 4	K P×P	19..Kt-B 6(*f*)	Q P×Kt(*g*)
8..B P×P	K Kt×P	20..Kt×K B+	Kt P× Kt
9..P-Q 5	Q Kt-B 4	21..Q-K R 6	P-Q 4
10..K B-Q 3	K Kt-B 4	22..B×B 2d P	Q-her 3
11..Q B-R 3	K Kt×B	23..P-K B 4	K R-K sq
12..Q×K Kt	Castles	24..K R-B 3, & Mr. P. resigned.	

(*a*) A defence by no means commendable.

(*b*) Taking the P with B would have been the correct move; it would have enabled the defence to develop his game speedily.

(*c*) Herr K. has thus early obtained a fine attacking position, and maintained it ably to the end.

(*d*) The game abounds in interesting positions, and the manner in which the attack is conducted is deserving of the highest praise.

(*e*) Only hastening defeat. 18 P to K B 4th, would have relieved him from his extremely embarrassing position, *e.g.*:—

18..	P to K B 4	21..Kt×Q 2d P	Q to K B 5
19..Kt×K B+	Q×Q Kt	22..Q-her 3	B-Q R 3
20..Kt×B P	Q-K B 2	23..Q×Q B	Q×K Kt, &c.

(*f*) Highly ingenious! The attack is conducted with characteristic energy.

(*g*) The defence has now no resource.—*Eds.*

THAT SELL.—We are in the receipt of a number of letters from parties who were made the victims of a sell about a fight between Sayers and Mace, originated in this city by one of the weekly papers. They bitterly complain of the fraud practised. We would publish their epithets, but it would do no good now. For reliable information, the CLIPPER is the organ of the sporting world.

LADY MAUD; THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHACE.—This is the title affixed to a fascinating novel, from the prolific pen of the late Pierce Egan. The story of Lady Maud is an admirable one and abounds with incidents of interest detailed in the author's happiest vein. In one vol. pp. 365. Price 50 cents. Published by T. B. Peterson and Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. F. A. Brady, 21 Ann street, is the New York agent.

SCULLING MATCH AGAINST TIME.—On Saturday, 19th inst., one of the Newburgh boatmen, a locality which appears to be well stocked with first class knights of the oar, Samuel G. Noyes by name, rowed for a wager of $40, from Hamilton-avenue dock, Brooklyn, around Governor's Island and back, against time, namely, half an hour. After a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, he successfully concluded the race in twenty minutes and fifteen seconds, which is considered to be pretty good pulling. The boat in which he rowed the race was a seventeen feet Whitehall working boat.

THE GREAT BASE BALL MATCH.

GREAT EXCITEMENT.

THE BROOKLYN NINE WINS THE SILVER BALL,

PRESENTED BY THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE game of base ball, is as our readers are for the most part aware, an American game exclusively, as now played, although a game somewhat similar has been played in England for many years, called "rounders," but which is played more after the style of the Massachusetts game. New York, however, justly lays claim to being the originators of what is termed the American game, which has been so improved in all its essential points by them, and its scientific points so added to, that it does not stand second either in its innate excellencies, or interesting phases, to any national game of any country in the world, and is every way adapted to the tastes of all who love athletic exercises in this country. When the CLIPPER was first launched, and consigned its first cargo to the mercies of the ocean of public opinion, the game, so to speak, was in its infancy, the Gotham, Knickerbocker, and a few other clubs, whose names we cannot at the present writing call to mind, being among the first organizations. To say that we have at all times made efforts to foster its growth, and encourage it as a pastime, both among seniors and juniors, is superfluous; our conduct in that respect having been patent to all. Our main object in so doing has been to induce all classes to indulge more in athletic exercises, as being conducive, to a great extent, to that greatest of all boons—health. New-Yorkers, until some few years past, had neglected out of door exercises, much to the profits of the M. D.'s that flourish in its midst in large numbers, hence the necessity that some such exercise should be popularized, to draw out the people, and thus reduce the crop of dyspeptics with which the community had been cursed. Of course, in advocating the cause, we have met with opposition and jealousies innumerable, but the public, with an enlightened judgment, and discrimination, have been on our side, and we, in a corresponding degree have been successful, and base ball has flourished and "still lives." Hundreds of clubs have been organized, and hundreds of matches have been played between them, and as a consequence, certain clubs of both New York and Brooklyn have arisen to importance, and been considered as *the* clubs of the two cities. Out of this has emanated a rivalry between the two, wholesome in its effects, which in 1858 came, as it were, to a focus, and matches were arranged to take place between them, which, at the time, created the most intense excitement. The first was played on the Fashion Race Course on the 20th of July, 1858, when the New York Nine won by scoring 22 to 18. The second, played at the same place on August 17, of the same year, was won by the Brooklyn Nine easily, they scoring 29 to 8. The third, played also on the Fashion Course, on Sept. 10, was won by the New York Nine, by a score of 29 to 18, leaving them the victors in two out of three matches. The score of the first we published last week, and of the two last, in the present issue. Since then, owing to various causes, they have not come together as opponents in that way, although the wish has been latent in the breasts of many players on both sides, that such might be the case. Knowing this to be the state of affairs, we were induced as a sort of incentive, and as a focus around which to rally the forces, to offer as a prize, a silver ball, a fac-simile, and of the same size as a base ball, to be competed for, under conditions which have been given in recent issues. We were pleased that our efforts were so warmly applauded and seconded by the players of the two cities, and that notwithstanding the maliciously invented and circulated reports in the morning papers of the 21st inst., that the match as agreed upon would not take place, (editorially alluded to elsewhere) they did put in an appearance, and that at the time appointed, all hands were ready for the umpire's call of play. Owing to an accident received in a match played last week, Grum was unable to take his position, and one or two others of the nines first selected were absent, but the reserves, which had been wisely named beforehand, were drafted on, and the vacancies filled satisfactorily, and at 2:45 P. M., the ground, which was densely packed by the thousands congregated there, was cleared, and preparations made for play to commence, under the most exciting circumstances ever witnessed at a sporting contest of any kind, the shouts of exultation given vent to by the multitude when they discovered that the match was to be contested, sounding almost like the booming of a park of artillery. The re-action which had taken place since morning, when those that intended to take a holiday at the Elysian Fields had been deceived through the morning papers, which had been humbugged into stating that it would not take place, by some maliciously inclined scoundrel, was of the most cheering description, and as the individual base ball champions came upon the arena, dressed in their different gay colored uniforms, they were cheered and applauded to the echo, which had that soul stirring effect upon them, that each one seemed to bite his lip, as though evincing a determination to do or die. The Brooklyn nine went first to the bat, their opponents taking the field, each position being filled as here enumerated:—Yates, 1st base; Brown 2d base; Wright, 3d base; McKeever, pitcher; Cohen, catcher; McMahon, short stop; A. B Taylor, left field; Harris, centre field; Culver, right field—a formidable array. Pearce began the batting for Brooklyn, and struck the ball to 2d base, which was missed by Brown, and Pearce made his base, and reached his 3d by an over pitch of Harris. Creighton followed with a good hit to centre field, but it was well attended to by Harris on the bound. Beach followed, and reached his first base by Brown's failure to hold the ball on the bound. Price then went out on a foul caught by Wright, from the tree. Smith being 3d hand out on a foul, also taken by Wright, who fielded admirably. Pearce and Beach scored three runs and Pearsall was left on 3d base, making his 1st base by a good hit, and Manolt his by a miss of Mason's on the fly, where he was left. New York then went to the bat, and by the good batting of Yates and McMahon, made two runs, Brown being well put out on the fly, McKeever on the bound, and Cohen at 1st base, by Pearsall, all three being placed *hors du combat* by his exertions. In the second innings of Brooklyn, they scored nothing Fianly being put out at 2d base by Brown, from a good throw of Cohen's, Reach on the bound by Harris, and Creighton on the fly by McKeever; Pearce, after being missed on the fly by Brown, being left on the 1st base. The New-Yorkers added two more runs to their score in this innings, Wright and Harris batting finely for their runs. A. B Taylor was prettily taken on the fly by Pearce from a foul. Culyer was put out at 1st base by the fine fielding of Smith and Pearsall, and Yates was well caught by Beach on the fly. In the third innings, another blank marked the score of the Brooklyn; Beach, Price, and Pearsall going out in succession. The fielding of the New Yorkers improved each innings, being at first rather poor. The Brooklyn party, however, returned the compliment by putting out Brown, McKeever, and McMahon in succession, the score standing four to two at the close of their innings. In the fourth innings the Brooklyn team also drew a blank; Smith, however, almost getting a run, he being left on his 3d base, Fianly and reach going out on the bound, and Manolt at 3d base. Again the compliment was returned, Cohen, A. B Taylor, and Wright being the victims, the former and latter being finely taken on the fly by Smith and Pearsall. The score now stood 4 to 2. When the fifth innings commenced, the Brooklyn boys thought it was high time that they should be stirring, and they began batting in fine style, all but Fianly and Reach scoring runs. Harris made a splendid catch on the fly in this innings at centre field. The New Yorkers only offset the Brooklyn score of 7 in this innings by getting 2 runs, which they did after Harris and Culyer had tipped out, Creighton having put on steam in his pitching, as Pearce found out behind, but he took the balls in splendid style, nevertheless McMahon was third out from a beautiful fly catch of Fianly's at left field. The score was now reversed, the Brooklyn nine having the lead, the totals being 9 to 6. The time of playing these five innings—one hour and ten minutes—and the small scores, is proof of the excellence of the play on both sides. In the sixth innings, Beach, by a fine hit, made his 1st base, and getting his 3d by a passed ball, was sent home by Pearsall's good hit to right field, which Culyer attended to well on the bound, Price having been previously well taken on the fly by McKeever from an air ball and Manolt being prettily caught on the bound by Cohen at centre field, McMahon having taken Cohen's place as catcher in order to take Harris' balls, the latter going on to pitch in place of McKeever. The result of the innings was but one run for Brooklyn, the New-Yorkers not even getting that number, as Cohen, A. B Taylor, and Culyer went out on fly balls, the two latter being fouls, handsomely taken by Pearce, Pearsall attending to Cohen's ball at right field. Ten to six was now the total figures, and the victory was beginning to be considered a "sure thing" for Brooklyn In the seventh innings a blank score was again drawn unfortunately by the Brooklynites, Smith, Fianly and Pearce being the victims, Reach being left on 3d base, after making his 1st by a good grounder. New York was similarly unlucky; they getting the fourth egg in their nest, in th's innings. Yates Brown and McKeever went out in succession, Brown being beautifully taken on a foul fly by Pearce, McKeever being Smith's victim at 2d base. In the eighth and last innings, the Brooklyn team went into some tall batting, every man of the nine making splendid hits, Creighton reaching his second and Fianly his 3d base by fine hits. Beach and Creighton were handsomely taken on the bound in this innings by A B Taylor and Wright, Price being third out on a tip. Beach was left on his 3d base. The score of the innings amounted to 8 runs. New York then sent McMahon to the bat, who hit a fine grounder, on which he made his 1st base, and a ball hitting the home base, he made his 3d; but in trying to steal in on Pearce and Creighton, he got caught between home and third base, and was run out by the good fielding of Pearce and Creighton. Cohen had previously gone out at 1st base by the good fielding of Pearsall, and A. B. Taylor being put out on the bound by Creighton, the New Yorkers gave up the game, it being too dark to play the 9 h innings. Thus ended this fine contest, Brooklyn winning by a score of 18 to 6, which would indicate a superiority that the play on the occasion did not warrant, as the New Yorkers played a very fine game, especially in the first five innings, if we except a little loose play by their outer field and second base in the first two innings. The whole affair passed off with a spirit and enthusiasm unparalleled, both nines being equally congratulated on the skill exhibited by them, individually and collectively. It is possible that some jealousies may have been caused, but what event of the kind ever took place, when such feelings were not engendered? Our pious and truthful Sunday contemporary will, of course, endeavor to represent matters as they were not, to shift the onus of having deceived the people on to some one else's shoulders; but how they are to set the matter right, we are at a loss to conceive. There are some points which we have left untouched, owing to our going to press so soon after the conclusion of the match, which we shall refer to in our next issue. Suffice it to say, therefore, the great match for the silver ball, presented by the CLIPPER, on Oct. 21, 1861, was a brilliant success, a fact which will be attested to by the thousands of individuals who witnessed it. The score:—

BATTING.

NEW YORK. NAMES.	H. L.	RUNS.	BROOKLYN. NAMES.	H. L.	RUNS.
Yates, 1st b	2	2	Pearce, c	2	3
Brown, 2d b	3	1	Creighton, p	4	2
McKeever, p	3	0	Beach, s s	2	3
McMahon, s s	3	1	Price, 3d b	4	2
Cohen c	4	0	Pearsall, 1st b	2	2
A B Taylor, l f	4	0	Manolt, c f	2	2
Wright, 3d b	1	1	Smith, 2d b	3	3
Harris, c f	1	1	Fianly, l f	4	1
Culyer, r f	3	0	Reach, r f	2	1
Total		6	Total		18

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
New York	2	2	0	0	2	0	0	0	—	6
Brooklyn	2	0	0	0	7	1	0	8	—	18

FIELDING.

	Fly	B'd	Base	Total		Fly	B'd	Base	Total
Yates	0	0	1	1	Pearce	3	3	0	6
Brown	0	1	2	3	Creighton	0	0	0	0
McKeever	2	0	0	2	Beach	1	0	0	1
McMahon	0	2	0	2	Price	0	0	0	0
Cohen	1	2	0	3	Pearsall	4	1	4	9
A B Taylor	0	2	0	2	Manolt	0	1	0	1
Wright	0	5	1	6	Smith	1	1	1	3
Harris	1	3	0	4	Fianly	1	0	0	1
Culyer	0	1	0	1	Reach	0	0	0	0
Total	4	16	4	24	Total	10	6	5	21

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	B'd	Bases 1st	2d	3d	Foul		Fly	B'd	Bases 1st	2d	3d	Foul
Yates	1	0	0	0	0	0	Pearce	0	2	0	0	0	0
Brown	1	1	0	0	0	1	Creighton	2	2	0	0	0	0
McKeever	0	1	1	1	0	0	Beach	0	1	1	0	0	0
McMahon	1	0	0	0	0	0	Price	1	0	0	0	0	0
Cohen	2	0	2	0	0	0	Pearsall	0	1	0	1	0	0
A B Taylor	0	1	0	0	0	3	Manolt	0	1	0	0	1	0
Wright	1	0	0	0	0	0	Smith	0	2	0	0	0	0
Harris	0	0	0	0	0	1	Fianly	0	2	0	1	0	1
Culyer	0	0	1	0	0	2	Reach	0	2	0	0	0	0
Total	6	3	4	1	0	7	Total	3	13	1	2	1	4

Passed balls, on which bases were run—Pearce, 3; Cohen, 1; McMahon, 1

Catches missed on the fly—Cohen, 1; Brown, 2; A. B. Taylor, 1; Yates, 1. Pearce, 1; Harris, 1.

Struck out—McMahon, 1; Yates, 1.

Catches missed on the bound—Brown, 2.

Run out between bases—McMahon by Creighton.

Times left on bases—McKeever, 1; Wright, 1; Harris, 1; Pearce, 1; Beach, 1; Pearsall, 1; Manolt, 1; Smith, 1; Reach, 2

Time of game—two hours and thirty minutes.

Umpire—Mr. J. B. Leggett, of the Excelsior club.

Scorers—for the New York Nine, Mr. McConnell; for the Brooklyn Nine, Mr. G. W. Moore.

THE RING.

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 48-tf

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 48-tf

THE EAGLE.—IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 223 Centre street, one door from Grand. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand. 35-tf

HARRY GRIBBIN returns thanks to all who have visited him at his new quarters, No. 282½ Bowery, of which place he is now the sole Proprietor. The print of the big fight, portraits of noted pugilists, and other celebrities may be seen here. Free and Easy every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, the chair being taken by Mr. Mat Glenn. Ales, wines, liquors, and segars, of the best quality, on hand, and THE CLIPPER and other domestic and foreign sporting journals filed. 45-tf

A COMIQUE PUGILISTIQUE RENCONTRE.—The *penchant* for getting up bogus prize fights appears to be on the increase. A daily paper of Brooklyn one day last week spread itself on P. R. literature in the following manner:—

The gentlemen residents of the Fifth Ward, who rejoice in the denomination of the "fancy" or "sports," enjoyed a treat on Saturday afternoon, which of late has been somewhat of a rarity with them, i. e., a regular prize fight, the parties being the well known bruisers named Thos Green, alias "Muck," and Daniel Cassidy, one of the heroes of Bull Run. Unfortunately, not being a stakeholder, or anything of that sort, we cannot give our readers an account of the preliminary arrangements, but it is to be supposed that all these matters were arranged to the satisfaction of the parties concerned, so that about 2 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the parties, accompanied by their friends, met in a retired spot in the centre of Hudson avenue, near Plymouth street. Among those who were with the combatants, were a physician who was to practice the healing art upon such of the pugilists as might be hurt, and a Bell-man, to give notice of the approach of the police. The spectators were quietly ranged on the sidewalk on each side of the street, and at 2 o'clock precisely the battle commenced.

Round 1 "Muck" approached cautiously on Bull Run, looking out for masked batteries, and, after some skirmishing, got a shot between his top lights, which caused him to see double and retire to his corner, closely followed by his antagonist, who finally floored him.

2. Bull Run, flushed with success, advanced trippingly, and left his guard, when Muck planted his bunch of fives in close proximity to his nasal organ, causing the ruby to flow in torrents. To avoid another such chance, Muck sat down.

3 Both combatants advanced steadily, and some slight sparring occurred, when Muck attempted to administer a wind corrector on Bull's stomach. Bull wisely declined the medicine, and paid him by a dangerous blow on his potato trap. Both fell.

4 Both parties behind time, Muck suffering badly from the loss of two of his grinders, and Bull Run faint from exertion. After two or three passes, both clenched and fell.

5 In this round both parties were some minutes behind time in coming to the scratch, but finally, by the aid of some creature comfort which was administered by the sympathizing spectators, they managed to get into position. Some sparring took place, when Bull Run having made an incautious parry, Muck seized the opportunity to plant his bunch of fives on his opponent's bread-basket in a manner which made him hug the paving stones in a strange way. From this round up to the eleventh, the fighting was devoid of interest, and at the end of that round, Bull Run advanced to his opponent and proposed a truce for the purpose of washing the blood off. The truce was agreed to, and the matter was settled without any more fighting. Great credit is due to the police for the excellent manner in which they kept all outsiders from interfering with the arrangements. We understand that another fight is on the tapis, and will soon come off. The ground has not yet been selected.

TURNER TURNED UP.—In last week's CLIPPER I noticed a card from Johnny Morris, stating that I could not be found in Boston. If I could not, my backers could be found if he had gone to the right place to look for them. I left Boston because I was told Morris could not get matched for a dollar; so I came to St. John, where I am matched to fight John Garrey for $200 a side. The fight comes off on the 26th of Nov. Morris has sent a letter, saying that he intends coming to St. John; if he comes, I can be matched to fight him according to his challenge, win or lose with Garrey. I would rather fight in the provinces. For my match with Garrey $25 a side is deposited, and a second deposit of $50 a side will be made on the 17th instant.

St. John, N. B., Oct. 14. JACK TURNER.

CHALLENGE TO MIKE CARROLL.—James Burns, of Milwaukee, remits us $25 as a deposit, and as an earnest of his intentions to fight Mike Carroll at catch weight, in eight weeks from signing articles for from $300 to $500. Should these terms suit Mr. Carroll, Burns is anxious for him to cover the deposit, when the preliminaries of the match can be at once entered into; otherwise, he advises Carroll to quit "blowing and bar-room talk," as he (Burns) is not disposed to enter into such business. Burns can always be found at the Cuper Shades, Main street, Milwaukee. This challenge is to remain open for five weeks.

A SPARRING EXHIBITION for the benefit of Johnny Morris, of Boston, took place at 22 White street, on Thursday evening, 17th inst. William Tovee, acting as master of ceremonies, introduced for the commencement Kelly and McCarty, who gave no very scientific display, apparently understanding each other too well. Young Barney and Martin followed, and gave a very good set-to, Martin giving some very straight hits. Then followed the sets-to of two couples of young "kids," who, if they did not display much science, created lots of fun. Lynch and Elliot had a slashing bout, pegging one another with right good will, the latter getting the best of it on account of his superior knowledge of the art polite. The wind-up was between Jack Bath and Morris.

CRICKET AT SHELBURNE FALLS, MASS.—The Franklin Club played their closing match on Thursday afternoon, 17th inst. R Bardwell and J. Grinold choosing sides. Some of the members being absent they could only play seven on each side. Bardwell's side having won the toss, took the bat, and scored 45. Grinold's side then went in and scored 39, leaving Bardwell's side victorious by 6 runs. Some fine batting was done by R. Bardwell and Middleton on one side and Pratt and J Grinold on the other. The round even bowling of Bardwell was very good, and J Grinold's slow bowling was very destructive. The underhand bowling of Middleton and W. Grinold was also well on the wicket, and the wicket keeping of Pratt and Halligan for their respective sides was of great service. The match was quite satisfactory to those who took part in it.

SINGULAR APPOINTMENT.—The Indianapolis *Sentinel* says that "a Methodist Minister, at Attica, had at last accounts, raised twenty-five recruits for the Preachers' regiment. Phil Tieman, the celebrated billiard player, of Cincinnati, is to be chaplain." Bully for Phil. But won't he want some one in the pulpit, to give him the cue?

THE TRIGGER.

About Partridge Shooting.—City of Reading, Pa., Oct. 16, 1861.—Dear Frank:—I am once more in the field as your regular correspondent, and hope in future to be able to keep you better posted than of late. The war excitement, which has taken many of the "sports away to test their aim at the southerners," and the scarcity of dimes, have thus far rendered the amusement of the trap a dull item. The shooting season is in its infancy. Partridge shooting opened on Tuesday the 15th inst., owing to a recent law enacted during our legislative sessions, and which was welcomed by many as the harbinger of their pleasures; on which occasion the busy note of preparation sounded for the day, "big with the fate of gunners and of dogs." How many sanguinary murders of scarcely fledged partridges (at present) will the recording angel have to announce ere thy race is finished. According to reliable report, the slaughter has not been so great as was anticipated, and most of those that were bagged were small, which readily could have been captured by the hands of the sportsmen without resorting to powder and shot, (much less their dogs or the use of salt.)

For our part, we prefer the month of November as the most appropriate for resuming the sports of the field. This month, to our mind, and we believe it will meet the hearty approval of every true lover of field sports, is the pleasantest of the whole twelve. Yes, give us November, with its clear, bracing western breezes; its sun less burning, but how far more beautiful than that of fierce July, as tempered now and softened by the rich, golden haze of Indian summer, quenching his rays in its mellow liquid lustre, and robing the distant hills with wreaths of purple light, half mist, half shrouded sunshine; November, with its wheat and buckwheat stubbles; and the corn fields, thickly set with stalks stripped of their burdens, when the farmer's toils have had their rewards, and his harvests glut his teeming granaries; so that he, too, like the pent up denizen (and true sportsman) of swarming cities, may take his leisure with his dog and gun, "in the wide vale, or by the deep woodside," and enjoy the rapture of those sylvan sports which he may not participate in during sweltering July. In this month, if no untimely frost or envious snow flurry come prematurely to chase him to the sunny swamps of Carolina and the rice fields of Georgia, the plump white fronted, pink legged autumn woodcock, with their gray foreheads, their strong, well feathered pinions, each one ten ounces at the least, flaps up from the alder brake with his shrill whistle, and soars away on a swift and powerful wing above the russet tree tops, to be arrested only by the instinctive eye and rapid finger of the genuine sportsman; and no longer as in faint July, to be bullied and bungled to death by every city pot-hunter, or every pattering rustic school boy equipped and primed for murder, on his Saturday half holiday. We consider the game law salutary in its tendency, confining the sports of the field within its proper limits. Nevertheless, exceptions are taken to some of its clauses. In the first place, our farmers at this period are busily employed in their fields, and what man of sense would presume to enter with his dog and gun, first exciting their fears and afterwards provoking their prejudices against shooting entirely. Another great evil is, that most frequently the old birds are the first to rise, and the first shot; the consequence is, that the young ones, having lost their parental guardians, pine away and die. Therefore, we contend that the law should have said, as it formerly read, partridge thou shalt not kill until the 1st day of November, when the whining of a partridge and the roaring of a pheasant will test the nerves of the disciple of the gun to bag them, "who is not an out and outer." No chance shot, no stray pellet, speaks for these—it must be the charge, the whole charge, and nothing but the charge, 1¼ oz No. 6 shot, which will bring down the grown birds of November. Reflector.

Pigeon Shooting.—Cumru Township, Berks County, Oct. 16, 1861.—On Saturday afternoon, Oct 12th, a slight sprinkling of the trigger fraternity and others, repaired to the old shilling race track, kept by Sam. Fagg, about two miles from the City of Reading, when the following sweepstake was agreed upon: to shoot at 5 birds each, from ground trap, 21 yards rise, 84 yards bounds, 1¼ oz shot, a snap no shot, trapped and gathered birds for each other; the birds to be paid for individually. Total entrance $37. There were six competitors, viz:—

HS ....0 0 0 0 1—1 out of 5		F S ....1 0 0 1 1—3 out of 5	
RJE ....0 1 0 0 0—1 " 5		McD A ......0 0 1 1 1—3 " 5	
G H ....1 0 1 0 0—2 " 5		M R ....0 1 1 0 0—2 " 5	

5th bird fell dead 5 feet outside,—"hard luck." Resulting in two ties, when the parties mutually agreed to divide the spoils. Some minor shooting also took place. R. J. E. had two birds placed in the trap, which he brought down doubly and magnificently. It is the intention of our landlord to procure a goodly number of birds, when a gala day may be anticipated. I hope to be present, and will furnish you with a better tally than the one I send you. More Anon.

THE TURF.

Trotting at North Chelsea, Mass.—[illegible] at North Chelsea, Mass., was inaugurated with a Horse Fair, held at North Chelsea, Mass., was inaugurated with a trial of speed to two years old colts, which was an interesting affair, and followed by a double team "go," of which particulars will be gleaned in the annexed summary:—

Franklin Course, Oct. 15.—Purse $50, $15 to second best, for double teams. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Mr Holmes named Tom Bolin and mate..............1 1 1
W Woodruff named Lady Pierce and mate...........2 2 2
D Mace named Rocket and mate.......................dist
Time 2:59; 2:57½; 2:59.

This was followed by a stallion race—trotting. The premium was $200; $50 to the second best. The "flyers" entered were Honest Allen (late Young Allen), the grey stallion Ajax, and the blk s Trotting Childers. The Allen horse won the race after a spirited contest. Trotting Childers never appeared to better advantage but the young scion of Ethan Allen had too much speed for him. Childers had the pole at the start, Ajax outside. On the first heat, Honest Allen took the lead on the first quarter, which was trotted in 39 seconds, and maintained it, passing the half mile pole in 1:17, followed by Childers, who closed up a good gap on the last half mile, and came home the winner by half a length, Ajax lying several lengths behind. Time, 2:36½. The second heat was won by Honest Allen, the race being quickened a second and a half. Time, 2:35. The third heat proved a close one, insomuch that the judges felt compelled to declare it a dead heat. Time, 2:37½. In the fourth heat, Honest Allen carried Childers so fast that he made several breaks, and Allen came home a winner in 2:37½. The fifth and last heat was also won by Honest Allen, although Ajax pushed him very closely; in fact, the grey beat Allen over the score, but was set back for a running break, sufficiently to give the heat to Allen. Time, 2:41. Summary:—

Franklin Course, Oct. 16.—Purse $200; $50 to the second best; mile heats, best 3 in 5, to harness.

D Mace named s s Honest Allen.................2 1 0 1 1
H Smith named g s Ajax...........................3 3 3 3 2
W Woodruff named b k s Trotting Childers.......1 2 0 2 3
Time—2:36½; 2:35; 2:37½; 2:37½; 2:41.

A fourth race then took place, for a purse, offered to all horses that never beat 2:35. Lady Planet and a new candidate for turf laurels—a sorrel gelding, named Dan—were the only contestants. We append the summary:—

Franklin Course, Oct 15.—Purse $125; $25 to second best; mile heats, best 3 in 5, to harness.

D Mace named b m Lady Planet............................1 1 1
J Turner named s g Dan.....................................2 2 2
Time—2:37½; 2:37; 2:36.

This concluded the sport of the day.

On the second day, 16th inst., the sport was opened by a yearling "going the circuit" alone, for a purse, no competitor having entered against him. He trotted his half mile in harness, against time, in 2:23. Next was a purse of $100; $25 to second best; for all horses that never trotted for purse or stake; mile heats, best 3 in 5, to harness. Three nags competed for these premiums, and Cocheco Maid, a chestnut mare, won the first, and the bay mare, Union Maid, the second, against the chestnut gelding, Geo. B. McClellan. Time, 2:52; 2:45; 2:48.

In the afternoon the purse for stallions, $200—$50 to the second best—was trotted for by Trotting Childers and Honest Allen. Trotting Childers won the second, third, and fourth heats, and the race. The severe race of the previous day taxed the young horse, Allen, so heavily, that he was not able to contend against the game Black Hawk. It was a capital race, however. Time of the heats, 2:37; 2:39½; 2:42; 2:46. The last race was for saddle horses, mile heats, best 3 in 5, for $150; $60 to the second best. Ethan Allen and Lady Shaw entered in competition. Ethan Allen, ridden by Dan Mace, won in three straight heats. Lady Shaw's pig skin was bestridden by William Woodruff, and the Lady made quite a warm race for Ethan. Time, 2:33½; 2:36½; 2:34½. Several noted turfmen from New York were present, and manifested much interest in the races. An easterly wind prevailed, which was not very favorable to fast time.

Trotting in New Jersey.—At the Stuart Trotting Park, in the vicinity of Newton, N. J., a "go" eventuated on the 16th inst., between the geldings Elmira Pet and Geo. B. McClellan. The race was mile heats, best three in five, for a bet, it is said, of $200 a side.

First Heat.—They had a fair start, but the Pet broke on the first quarter, and the sorrel, McClellan, went some lengths ahead; the bay, however, made a splendid brush, but lost the heat by another bad break, when near home. Time for the half mile, 1:18; mile, 2:41½.

Second Heat.—An even start was made, and they made a beautiful trot until on the third quarter, when the sorrel broke and fell back, the bay going in front until near the stand, when the sorrel caught him, and cut in ahead of him in such a manner that, on foul driving being claimed, the judges distanced him. Time for half mile, 1:25; mile, 2:45. Summary:—

Peter Pierce entered b g Elmira Pet..........................0 1
J L Strong entered s g George B McClellan..............1 dist

TIME.

	Half Mile.	Mile.		Half Mile.	Mile.
1st heat......	1:18	2:41½	2d heat.......	1:25	2:45

The circumstances attending the above trot, lead to the belief that it was one of those disgraceful affairs which have of late been so often practised in turf matters. Many think the object of the owners was to make money by entrance fees, and the race was cut and dried beforehand; no money could be made by side bets, and the gate fees would not pay for the track.

The Slowest Horse Wins—Smart Judges.—During the Sussex Fair, held in the vicinity of St Stephen, N. B., there occurred a trotting match of much interest to the people of that part of the country, who invested considerable money on their favorite nags. There were four horses entered, names not given. On the first trial a St. Stephen's horse came in ahead, but the judges decided not to give him the heat. The second heat was also fairly won by the same horse, but the judges decided against him. The owner then withdrew the horse from the course, protesting against the decision of the judges, whose course was the subject of general condemnation by all present. The judges gave the prize, $50 with entrance fees, to *the slowest animal*, which came in behind, each heat, and made poor time, being something over three minutes in going round. The usual regulations were in force by which a fair deduction was to be made for breaking, and even after making this allowance, either of the other horses made better time than the one to which the prize was awarded, and it was conceded by nearly all present that the one that came out first was entitled to the race. A general feeling of indignation was manifested at the decision of the judges. Either through ignorance or wilfulness they proved themselves thoroughly incompetent for the situation. Their conduct on the occasion, in their capacities as umpires, was most outrageous and disgraceful. Their names are, Mr. Ingalls, of Nova Scotia, Mr. Coles, of Prince Edward Island, and Mr. Rutherford, of St. John, N. B.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Oct. 7.—D Ince and T. Daw—£10 a side, London.
15.—T. Morris and R. Mose—£20 a side, London.
22.—Young King and Young Broome—£50 a side, London.
Dec. 10.—Bos Tyler and Bob Travers—Catch weight, £100 a side, London.
10.—Morris Phelan and Harry Allen—£25 a side, at 9st 3lb, Birmingham.
17.—Mickey Gannon and Jesse Hatton—£25 a side, open for £50, at catch weight, Home Circuit.
31.—Bob Brettle and Jack Rooke—£200 a side, London.
Jan. 1862.—Mace and King—£200 a side and the Champion's Belt.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Jem Mace and Tom King—£400 and the Belt.—The deposit of £15 a side, between Jem Mace and Tom King, was made good on Friday, 27th ult.

Return of Tom Sayers to London.—According to promise, the gallant Tom Sayers paid his first visit on his return to the metropolis to his friend, Harry Brunton, the host of the George and Dragon, Beech street, Barbican, on Sunday night, 29th ult., when the large room was crowded by a company, who greeted the ex-champion most heartily. Tom completed his engagement with Messrs. Howes and Cushing on Saturday, 28th, at Chatham, where he sparred before a crowded audience. On Monday night, a select company, consisting of Tom Sayers, Owen Swift, Billy Duncan, Jack Hamilton, and Mr. H Bennet, had a snug corner to themselves in the stalls at Weston's. Tom, of course, was soon recognised by the company, and received a complete ovation, at which he appeared highly delighted. Tom Sayers and his friend, Jem Myers, have entered into arrangements to start a circus on their own responsibility, which will come into operation soon after Tom has received the couple of cups which will be presented to him at York and Guernsey, and paid his long-promised visit to France, where it is his full intention to proceed in a few days.

Gallant Mill Near Bristol.—Young Rees and Young Walker, both of Bristol, met early on Monday morning, Sept 30, Rees staking £7 to £5. The place of meeting was at Keynsam Hams, where the ring was soon fixed, and the men ready for action; but the "blues" soon showed, and put a stop to the proceedings for the time. A move across the water was then made, and the ring again pitched. Both men were anxious to commence proceedings, and lost no time in entering the arena, Walker having Peter Millard, of Bristol, and Simon Flaighty, of London, for his seconds; and Rees was attended by Jemmy Williams and James Scully, of London. Rees looked in the best trim; Walker looked delicate. The betting at the commencement was 7 to 5 on Rees, with no takers, which in the fourth round veered round to level betting, with very few takers. After a good mill, during which they fought twenty-seven rounds, Walker, who led off with his left, received a heavy cross-counter from Rees' right, which knocked him out of time, after fighting thirty-six minutes.

Slashing Mill for a Fiver.—A rattling good fight took place on Monday morning, Sept. 30, for a fiver, between Gillam, of Stepney, who weighed about 9st, and Croxford, *alias* Nutsey, who was about 8st 6lb. G King and Smith, of Portsmouth, did the amiable for Nutsey, Madman Turner and J. Turner doing the affectionate for Gillam. The battle commenced at eight, A M, Croxford taking the lead for forty-five minutes, drawing the first ruby, and otherwise punishing Gillam, who, after that time, equalised the affair for above half an hour, and then took a decided lead, Croxford going down repeatedly to avoid. After the mill had lasted 2 hours 18 minutes, during which they fought 168 rounds, a "Bobby" appeared, and both being satisfied, they shook hands.

Young Broome and Tom King for £100.—[illegible] Alec Keene's, deposit [illegible] in the presence of a large muster of the friends of both parties.

Bob Brettle and Jack Rooke, £200 a side, at 10st 2lb.—The deposit due this week has been made with the final stakeholder.

Bos Tyler and Bob Travers, £200, at Catch-weight.—The money due weekly for the deposits between these men has already been staked, and placed in the hands of the final stakeholder as they became due.

Mickey Gannon and Jesse Hatton.—The match between these men is going on, the deposit of £2 10s, due on Thursday, Sept. 26th, making £5 a side, having been staked.

Morris Phelan and Harry Allen, £25 a side, at 9st 3lb.—The match between the above Birmingham men is progressing favorably. They fight in the Birmingham district, on December 10.

Challenge.—Mr. Tupper is prepared to match Joe Goss, for £200 up to £500 a side, against any man breathing, at 10st 2 b or 10st 4 b.

Mick the Grecian, will fight Lynch, at 8st. for £50 a side, and take £3 to fight in the London District.

Patsey Reardon will fight any man breathing at 10st, or he will fight G King, at his own weight, for £100 a side.

Gallant Mill near Wakefield.—Joe Brusby, of Eastmoor, and Jemmy Reynolds, of Wakefield, met on Monday, Sept. 30th, to settle a personal difference and £5 a side. Neither of the men have before entered the pugilistic arena, although both have obtained some celebrity as scientific boxers. Low Hill was the place selected for the meeting, but by some means or other it oozed out, and this spot was at once abandoned, and another *locale* selected, viz., Twenty Acres, near Kirkthorpe, where a ring was soon formed, and all the preliminaries arranged. Betting was 5 to 4 on Brusby, and a good sum was invested at these odds. Both lads were anxious to commence proceedings, and at a quarter to six Brusby shied his cap into the arena, attended by a friend, and was soon followed by Reynolds, attended by C. Crossland. Both lads were in splendid trim, the latter soon commenced proceedings by sending a left-hander on the snuff box of the Eastmoor lad, which drew claret, thus gaining the first of the three points, amidst loud cheers from the Reynoldites. In the second round, however, Joe was more cautious, and succeeded in turning the tables, keeping the lead for forty-five minutes, during which he administered severe punishment on Reynolds, who, in coming up for the nineteenth round, shot out with his right, which was cleverly stopped by Brusby, who, in return, sent a "straight 'un," which landed under the chin, and completely knocked Reynolds off his pins. When his seconds were about to throw up the sponge in token of defeat, the police put in an appearance, and all parties took to their heels except poor Reynolds, who, we are sorry to say, had to be carried off the ground; yet, notwithstanding this circumstance, all escaped the vigilance of the police. The referee very properly decided in favor of Brusby, who received the money the same evening. Reynolds' party were quite satisfied with the decision of the referee.

Tom Allen and J. Gould.—£20, at 9st 10lb.—The above Birmingham men met near the hardware village, on Monday, Sept 30, to fight for £10 a side, at 9st 10lb. After fighting a good battle for one hour and fifteen minutes, Allen was declared the winner. Gould got the first event (the ruby), Allen the knock-down and the battle, and soon after the first round took a decided lead. Gould, although defeated, took his gruel kindly.

Testimonial to Joe Goss.—It is intended to present Joe Goss with a suitable testimonial for the honorable manner in which he has always conducted himself in private life, as also in his public encounters in the pugilistic ring, of which he is so distinguished a member, having proved himself victorious on every occasion it has been his lot to contest such honors. It is almost unnecessary to add that his encounters have not been of any ordinary class, but such as required thorough gameness, having had to contend against good men and true, and in which he has conducted himself in the most creditable manner.

GREAT SPARRING EXHIBITION—BOS TYLER'S BENEFIT.

The above-named popular pugilist took a benefit on Monday, 30th Sept., at Mr Baum's, the White Lion, Hackney Wick; and a benefit it was in every sense of the word, for upwards of 3,000 paid one shilling each at the gates for admission, besides a host who passed in with tickets. Mr Baum, as usual, had made every arrangement for the convenience of the visitors to his grounds. Fred. Oliver, with his "satellites," Puggy and Martin, pitched a veritable twenty-four feet ring, the ropes and stakes being kindly lent for the occasion by the P.B.A., while Inspector Duncan, as M C, gave to the whole a most business-like appearance. A most commodious inner and outer ring had been formed, under the superintendence of Bill Price. A tent was erected for the sparrers to arrange their toilettes in; in fact, nothing was forgotten. This meeting has for some time past been the topic of conversation, in consequence of its being the first *al fresco* entertainment of the kind since the days of the "Old Cope." This, combined with fineness of the weather, drew together the large meeting, and, long ere the sports commenced, every tree, bank, and available space from whence the proceedings could be viewed, were densely crowded. A strong body of police, under Inspector Bowler and Sergeant Bustain, were on the ground to assist in keeping order, but their services were not once required. Soon after three o'clock the bell was rung for the half-mile handicap. First prize, £2; second, 7s 6d; third, 2s 6d. Heat 1—S. Shepherd, 40 yards; Bramey, 70; C Edwards, 90; W Blake, 100; S Armitage, 100; W Batten, 110. This was a most exciting race between Armitage and Edwards, the latter winning in the last few strides by a bare yard. Heat 2—R. Lewis, 50; G Ross, 90; J Stokes, 100. This was won by Ross by five yards. Heat 3—W Bush, 80; F. Strong, 100; G Enfield, 100; W. Clayton, 110; W. Golder, 120. On the pistol being fired, Golder made the most of his start, cutting out the running at such a pace as to cause all the others to give up, thus winning easily. Heat 4—W Richards, 40; W Huxtable, 70; W Nelson, 100; F Hatfield, 100; W W. Davis, 110; J. Maxwell, 110. Davis, from the commencement, took the lead, and was never caught, although Richards gamely struggled on to the finish. Final heat—Ross, first; Golder, second; Edwards, third. Won by three yards; Edwards well up. Then came the sparring, for which

The first pair that donned the mittens were introduced by the M C., W. Duncan—Jack Hicks and Jem Dillon, who had the following rounds—viz., the first which did not come up to the expectations of the sloggers; but in the second, they warmed up, and right and left exchanges took place in Hicks' favor, slightly. The third was a fine specimen of the give and take, and they wound up with right-handed exchanges. When they shook hands there was a complete thunder of applause.

The second couple who showed, were young Lead and Charley Lynch. The first was a very pretty round, in which Lead rather astonished the American, and finished by knocking him down. The second round, Lead kept the advantage all through, and the round was finished by a close, in which both were busy with the right, until Lead fought him to the ropes, where they were parted by the M.C. The third, and final round, was a short one, the fast fighting having told its tale, and there was any amount of congratulations given, as well as more substantial recompense to Young Lead.

Dooney Harris and Mickey Gannon were the next pair. The first round was a rattler, with both hands, slightly in Dooney's favor. The second was equally well contested, Mickey making the balance equal. The final was a regular slog; and, on their shaking hands, they were both greeted by loud cheers.

The Stiff 'Un and Denny Sullivan were the next pair, who had four bouts. In the first Denny tried his right, but, too eager, missed once or twice; and, after several left-handed hits on both sides, they closed, and rattled away with both hands, until they got to the ropes, when the M C parted them. The second round was almost a burlesque, and was finished by Denny walking to his corner. The third was finished in the same manner as the previous one, after the Stiff 'Un had warmed Denny's frontispiece. The last was a short bout, Denny once landing his right; and they finished with a rally, amidst faint applause.

Young Gollagher and Young Dutch Sam, two old opponents, next showed, and had four rounds. The first was a very pretty specimen of the art of self-defence, each stopping and getting away, which, when they parted, was fully appreciated by the company. The second was a continuation of the same, and more murmurs of approbation were heard around the arena. The third was a finer exhibition than the other, some cheers being given to both. The last was one of the best rounds that have been seen for some time, the efforts of both being equally appreciated by the public.

The next bout was between two lilliputians, the Brothers Batchelor, of the respective ages of ten and eight, who were very clever, and had a couple of rounds in a manner that would put many an adult to shame.

Young Baldock and Leonard, the next pair, had three rounds. The first was a merry bout, in which both were busy with both hands, "the honors being divided." The second round was commenced by a give-and-take to the ropes, after which they renewed the round, which was finally concluded by their mutually returning to their corners, Baldock showing the first ruby from the cheek. The third bout was equal to the others, and was finished by Leonard sending Baldock to grass.

Tom Tyler and Jack Brookes were the next couple who showed, and were greeted by applause as they stood up for the first round, which was a very beautiful specimen of the noble art. The second round was characterised by mutual stops and get aways, which highly tickled the pugilistic propensities of the British public who were present. The third was a repetition of the former, except that they had warmed to their work, and some heavy exchanges with both right and left took place. They fought to a close four times, and four times renewed the sparring, both delivering their left with fine effect from time to time. The cheers for each, at this time, were vociferous, and the company, on their closing for the fifth time, wanted them to have another round, but *quantum sufficit* was the motto of the M.C.

The M.C then notified that the wind-up would take place between Bos Tyler and George Crockett, J Walker, who had promised to wind-up, not being present. The *benificiare*, previous to the wind-up, returned his thanks for the support afforded him in a neat speech, in which he stated his determination, as usual, to assist at any meeting for a brother pugilist. After a light spar of two rounds, in which Bos showed his activity and skill with the left, the sports of the evening were concluded, to the satisfaction of the spectators.

PEDESTRIANISM.

THE GREAT GREAT TEN-MILE RACE FOR £25 A SIDE, BETWEEN JOHN LEVETT AND DEERFOOT,

At the Rotunda Gardens, Dublin, on Monday, September 30.

From the London Sporting Life' Oct. 2.

This match has, for the last week, created an amount of excitement in Dublin and its environs [illegible] Deerfoot (the holder of the champion's cup), accompanied by Martin, his trainer, and the gentlemanly little Mills (who recently defeated him for the six mile champion's belt), with Nevin, of Manchester, arrived at Holyhead, on Friday evening last, but as the wind was then blowing a gale, it was deemed advisable to defer their journey across the channel until the following morning, and, after a pleasant sail, they arrived in Dublin none the worse for the rocking, although Mills told us that he felt a little "qualmish." During their journey to the rendezvous (the Moira Hotel) the "wild Injun" created no small amount of curiosity among the warm hearted and excitement-loving Hibernians. Take Deerfoot all in all, he is a splendid specimen of human kind, standing about five feet eleven inches, apparently about thirty years of age (although he does not exactly know), with a slight stoop of the shoulders, hair as black as the raven's wing, an eye like a hawk, lighting up his fine mahogany-colored countenance, and a finely moulded form, attired in a deers in tunic, trimmed with gaudily colored fringe, intermixed with small bells, a kind of apron made of wolf's skin, covering a pair of curiously made pants, which are embroidered round the buttons with fancy beadwork, the historical mocassin supplying the place of shoes. A low crowned, broad-brimmed, white-beaver, wide awake hat, and an Indian handkerchief loosely tied around his brawny neck, completed his ordinary attire. His business toilet being completed at the Rotunda Tavern, nearly opposite to the principal entrance to the gardens, he stepped forth, enveloped in a buffalo robe, into the street, to be welcomed by one long, loud Irish "hurrah," that issued from thousands of throats, many pressing forward to grasp his hand, in token of their pleasure in seeing him for the first time in "Ould Ireland." By this time there could not be less than six to seven thousand people awaiting him in the gardens—the majority of higher and middle classes—and when a glimpse of his figure was seen as he made his way with his trainer and friends through the bushes (which might remind him, for an instant, of his home in the forest), the vast assemblage were visibly excited. Another moment, and he stepped proudly on to the beautiful promenade, amid clapping of hands, and other manifestations of pleasure. After walking leisurely a couple of times round the course to show himself, he threw aside his robe, and took a preliminary canter, his long, lobbing action, and rocking of his head reminding the spectators more of a boy running because he was too late for school, than that of a professional pedestrian. After one lap round, he pulled up, and Levett now advanced, and ample proofs of the estimation in which the latter is held by the good citizens of Dublin, was given by the enthusiastic cheering that greeted his appearance, and all the time he peeled his upper toggery, and took a turn round the course, which to complete the ten miles had to be traversed sixty-two laps. The two were then marshalled to the starting post, and, at seventeen minutes to five, Levett was despatched, amidst tremendous cheering, on his arduous journey. One minute afterwards, the Child of the Prairies got the signal to "go," and off he bounded, to the music of another deafening cheer. By this time Levett had run one lap and a distance, but by the time Deerfoot had completed a couple of laps, he overtook and passed Levett, but at the fifth lap Levett again shot ahead, and led to the seventh lap, where the Indian spurted to the fore, and steadily increased his advantage during the eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth laps, when he was at least thirty yards in advance, and still further widening the gap to the completion of the fourth mile, where he was only about twenty yards in the rear of Levett. At the end of the fifth mile, (time, Levett, 26 min 45 secs.; Indian, 25 min. 45 secs) the Indian was at Levett's heels. Thus, the Red Man, on completing half the distance, had fetched up the minute which he gave Levett at start. The Indian now ran at the heels of Levett for a couple more laps, and then, in one tremendous spurt, shot to the fore, where he continued for a brief period, when Levett again put on more steam, and went up to the Red Man's shoulder. The pair now ran side by side, amidst loud cheers, once round the course, where Levett fell back beaten, being taken with a stitch in his side, and was led away by Mr. Watters, the racket player. Time, 29 min. From this point the Red Man continued at a uniform pace, his massive shoulders moving as regular as the pendulum of a clock, his countenance displaying neither pleasure nor anxiety, but the movement of his lips never ceased from beginning to end. At the completion of the eighth mile, he stretched out his arm and tore away the flag from a staff as he passed it, and wiped his face, jerking it away from him again, amidst much laughter, and soon after completed his task, and appeared as fresh as when he started. The following is the time, kindly kept by Mr. Drinkwater, of Kingstown.

Levett—First mile, 4min 55sec; second, 10min 15sec; third, 15 min 13sec; fourth, 21min 5sec; fifth, 26min 45sec.

Deerfoot—First mile, 4min 40sec; second 9 min 50sec; third, 15 min; fourth, 20min 15sec; fifth, 25min 45sec; sixth, 32 min 5sec; seventh, 37min 40sec; eighth, 42min 25sec; ninth, 47min 35sec; tenth and total, 53min 35sec.

We cannot close our report without expressing our unqualified admiration of the manner in which the course was kept. The vast assemblage conducted themselves as orderly as courtiers at a royal levee. Indeed, the pedestrian meetings at the Rotunda, under the able management of Mr. Levett, may rank amidst the first and most respectable amusements of the Dublin citizens.

A Sixty-four Mile Race.—On Friday, Sept. 27, the road between Portsmouth and Cosham was the scene of intense excitement, on account of H. Howard, the celebrated long distance runner, who ran 100 miles at Brighton in nineteen hours forty minutes, a short time ago, having to run sixty-four miles in twelve hours. The road was nearly level, but owing to recent showers, was rendered very muddy and heavy. At eight o'clock, Howard made his appearance at the scratch, looking anything but fit. On the word to go being given, he dashed off at a swinging pace, and his style of going was such as to impress the spectators with the assurance of his ability to accomplish his undertaking. On time being called at the eighth mile, it was found that the time occupied was 48 min. After a few moments' rest, he started again, and accomplished sixteen miles in 1 h. 56 min. The backers of time now began to look blue. Howard now shut off the steam and proceeded leisurely, and accomplished thirty-two miles in 5 h. 2 min. He rested himself for a few moments, and started towards the completion of his task, occasionally breaking out into a spurt, in a manner quite astonishing. The spectators had by this time become so numerous as to render the road all but impassable; and it was with difficulty that Howard could wend his way through this living mass. The time occupied up to the fifty-sixth mile was 9 h. 53 min. The crowd by this time had become so dense that it was a perfect impossibility to move. It was calculated that no less than 15,000 persons could have been present. To give some idea of the crowd, the time occupied in the accomplishment of the last mile was 23 minutes. On Howard arriving at the goal, it was found that he had won by 37 minutes, making a total of sixty-four miles in 11 h. 23 min. In order to show the small amount of fatigue he felt, he ran a mile in 5 min. 2 sec., no mean performance after sixty-four miles' hard running; indeed, the manner in which he accomplished this feat show his powers of endurance are of a high order; and in his spurts he showed a turn of speed that would not reflect discredit on some short-distance runners.

CRICKET.

Great Single Wicket Cricket Match.—One of the most important and interesting matches at this branch of the game that ever took place in or out of England, on account of the celebrity of the players, two of whom, Hayward and Carpenter, accompanied the All England Eleven to America, was commenced at Sheffield, Eng., on Sept. 26th, and occupied the larger portion of four days in its decision. We referred to it briefly in last week's Clipper, but now proceed to give the details of the contest, which was between two Cambridge men and three natives of Stockton-on-Tees, for £200 a side. The representatives of Cambridge were Thomas Hayward, of the All England Eleven, and Robert Carpenter of the United Eleven. The trio consisted of Thomas Robinson, T. W. Hornby, and T. Darnton, all of Stockton-on-Tees. The game commenced on a splendid wicket, at ten minutes past twelve o'clock, by the appearance of Carpenter at the wicket. The North country men won the choice of innings, and elected their opponents first to wield the willow. Robinson began the bowling. After about a quarter of an hour's play, Carpenter played a ball from Robinson on to his wicket. He obtained three singles, and during his innings Robinson bowled a wide ball. Strange to say, at this period of the game 5 to 4 was offered on the two. Hayward quickly got master of Robinson's bowling, and Darnton was therefore substituted with the ball. The latter, however, did not make much progress, and Robinson was again tried. Having finally delivered ten wide balls, Darnton again exchanged places with Robinson, and ultimately bowled Hayward. He had scored twenty in singles. Between the innings, time was allowed for dinner, and at five minutes before three o'clock Robinson came out on behalf of the Northerners. He played very carefully for some time, and notwithstanding the excellent bowling of Hayward, soon appeared to be quite at home. At length he hit the ball smartly, and although it went in a direct line to Carpenter, who stopped its rapid course, he pitched "her" in ere Robinson could finish running. Prior to this, and when Robinson had only secured three runs, Hayward missed an easy catch. Darnton was not long at the wicket for his couple of singles, but Hornby, a left-hand player, looked like being troublesome, and merrily obtained nine. The innings closed at half-past four o'clock, and it having been previously arranged to discontinue play at five, it was mutually agreed to cease play at the termination of the first innings of each party. The game was resumed on Friday morning at twelve o'clock, Hayward beginning the Cambridge second innings, to the bowling of Robinson; Darnton and Hornby fielding, as per Thursday. Robinson gave up bowling after having bowled ninety-two balls (two wides) for 13 runs. Darnton then had a try, and from the ninth, tenth, and eleventh balls he bowled, Hayward made a single; in all Darnton bowled fifty-eight balls for 7 runs, but seeing he was unable to make any impression on the magnificent defence of Hayward, he cried "Enough," and turned the leather over to Robinson, who bowled very well indeed.

At two o'clock P. M., the dinner bell rang. Hayward then having been in for two hours, had 204 balls bowled to him, and scored 23 runs. His exhibition of defence was brilliant in the extreme, and brought out frequent and deserved applause. After dinner he went at it again, Robinson bowling, who bowled ten balls (a wide) for a 2 and two singles, when he gave up once more to Darnton; but Hayward's wicket appeared invulnerable, and after bowling altogether this day 90 balls to him for fifteen runs and a wide, he once more turned the ball over to Robinson, who resumed bowling well—thirteen balls he bowled, and no run made; the fourteenth Hayward put down the hill, just before the boundary stump, and made a run. Darnton fielded it, but threw it *behind* the stump, and seeing the ball thus thrown was *not in play*, Hayward went on for another, and Robinson uselessly whipped the bails off. Darnton shouted to him to him to return the leather to him, and he would send it back, which would have brought the ball into play again, but he did not, so Hayward easily made the single into a two-hit; two more singles were scored by him, and then the thirty-fourth ball bowled pitched a foot wide, glanced off Hayward's thigh, and, without moving the stumps, sent both bails flying; the great gun ward was loudly cheered on his return to the dressing room; and well he might be, for a more perfect, masterly exhibition of defence has rarely been witnessed. He altogether, this day, had no less than 336 balls bowled to him, and at length was out by a fluke. He gave but one chance, and that when he had obtained 45 runs. Darnton was bowling, and Hayward mounted the ball right to Robinson, who, however, badly judged it, and not being able to get back in time, missed it. Carpenter then went in to Robinson's bowling, which got a bit loose. At five o'clock, the stumps were drawn for that day; Carpenter then had eighty-three balls bowled to him by Robinson, and was "not out 14," made by five 2's and four singles.

On Saturday, play was resumed at noon, Carpenter going to the wicket, Robinson bowling. Play went on at a steady gait, until Carpenter had scored seven more runs, when Robinson bowled his fifty-fourth ball, which was a "real gem," and shot in like an Armstrong, and shot down the off stump of Carpenter's wicket. It was a rare ball that, and at half-past twelve, brought the Two's second innings to a close for eighty-two runs or eighty-seven on. The morning had been fine and warm, but as Carpenter was returning from the wicket, a drizzling rain began to fall, and—like all unpleasantries when they once come—got worse and worse as the day grew. At a quarter to four, it was seen that no more play could take place that day; the stumps were drawn, and it was agreed to make another beginning on Monday morning, which they did shortly after old Sol had reached the zenith. Darnton being sent in to keep up his wicket to endeavor to break down the bowling. He, however, after about ten minutes play, commenced taking liberties with Hayward's bowling, and, giving Carpenter a chance, was quickly got out without having scored. Carpenter, who fielded on the on-side, made a most magnificent catch. Hayward pitched the ball slightly to the leg, and Darnton lifted her up. The ball first alighted in one hand, but Carpenter instantly shied her up, and caught her in both hands. The retirement of Darnton without having scored, as may be supposed, entirely damped the ardor of the rest of the players, as well as their backers. Robinson succeeded, and, during his innings, Carpenter for a short time went on to bowl, in order to allow Hayward, who hitherto had bowled throughout the match, a little rest. His bowling, however, being ineffectual, Robinson having secured many runs, and two wides having been bowled, Hayward was again put on. Ultimately, Hayward distributed Robinson's stumps, the batsman playing over the ball. His score of 11 included a two and nine singles. Hornby played very steadily, and when dinner was announced, had obtained a dozen runs. Again Carpenter was tried for a few balls. At half-past three o'clock, Hayward sent in a "shooter," which took Hornby's off stump. Having scored 19—six twos and seven singles—the total numbered 32, which left a balance in favor of the two victorious Cambridgeshire men of 55 runs. Hayward was highly complimented after the match. Subjoined is the score:—

CAMBRIDGE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Hayward b Darnton..........	20	b Robinson..................	52
Carpenter b Robinson..........	3	b Robinson..................	21
Wides..........................	10	No balls 1, wides 8..........	9
Total..........................	33	Total..........................	82

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Robinson run out..............	17	b Hayward..................	11
Darnton c Carpenter b Hayward	2	c Carpenter b Hayward......	0
Hornby b Hayward..........	9	b Hayward..................	19
		Wides..........................	2
Total..........................	28	Total..........................	32

Umpires—for Cambridge, F. Reynolds; for Stockton-on-Tees, R. Iddison.

The Earl of Eglington, a prominent supporter of the British Turf, died at St Andrews, Fifeshire, Scotland, on Friday, Oct 4th. For a long series of years, the Earl of Eglington was an honorable supporter of the turf, and had, at one period, one of the largest and best racing studs in the country. His success on the Turf was considerable. In 1842, he won the St. Leger with Blue Bonnet; in 1847, with Van Tromp; and again in 1849, with the Flying Dutchman. The Derby of 1849 was won by his lordship's last-named horse; and Van Tromp won the Goodwood Cup in 1848. Shortly after the Earl of Eglinton won the celebrated match for 1,000 guineas, at the York Spring Meeting, by his celebrated Flying Dutchman defeating the Earl of Zetland's Voltigeur, his lordship gave up the turf, and very seldom after attended the chief race meetings, of which he had been formerly such a distinguished supporter.

The Stone Billiard Room.—The re-opening of this establishment, on the corner of 29th street and Broadway, took place on Monday evening, 17th inst. Most of the prominent billiard players of the city were on hand; in fact, it is rare to see so many billiard celebrities assembled together as were present on this occasion. We counted seven of them, Phelan, Kavanagh, White, Geary, Benjamin, Stone, and Cleveland. A number of amateurs who handle the cue with almost professional accuracy were also present and, to make all things equal, this concentration of talent caused a great gathering of the clansmen, who, if they cannot achieve the honors of first-class play themselves, know enough of billiards to make excellent connoisseurs, and to appreciate first class playing by others. The opening game of 500 points around the table, between Messrs. Phelan and Kavanagh, was characterized by great brilliancy on both sides, and the spectators were enthusiastic in their expressions of satisfied admiration. The game was won by Mr Kavanagh, who made some long runs, one of 108 points, the other of 125. Mr. Phelan sailed away from his first shot into a long run of 105, which was brought to an untimely end by his ball going into the pocket. Several interesting games were played, among which was a game of 250 points between Mr Benjamin and the gentleman who won the prize table at the Amateur Tournament, also a four-handed match between Messrs. Benjamin, Cleveland, Geary, and Freeman. The pleasures of the evening were brought to a close in the most agreeable manner, the whole party being "piped to refreshments" on an extended scale; in fact, several "individs" were in danger of being Stoned to death by kindness.